

# Sacred and Moral P O E M S. *K*

---

(VIZ.)

The DEDICATION.

The PREFACE.

For the LORD's - DAY.

On FRIENDSHIP.

For GOOD-FRIDAY.

On Mens Unwillingness to DIE.

On our Natural Inability in Holy Things.

No Condition without its Comfort.

---

----- *Inest sua Gratia parvis.*

---

*By a* CAMBRIDGE Gentleman.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR. 1716.



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POEMS.

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THE  
DEDICATION

W H O would not ever give Thee Thanks and Praise,  
Whole Love does Man to such high Honour raise!

And the Eternal Glories of thy Law

Ever contemplate with all Filial Awe!

Who can forbear thy Love, in Jesus shewn,

Our Lord and King, to make to all Men known!

But how shall this o'erburden'd Soul ascend!

This filthy Heart so far its captiv'd Sight extend!

In Jesus, Thy Beloved Son, from Thee

Ample Supplies for every Want I see.

With Faith in Him, I on Thy Goodness rest,

And to thy Grace let open all my Breast.

Thy Holy Word is my sufficient Guide,

There taught by Thee, Delights to Kings deny'd



The Least that with Humility believe

Thy Truth, as Thou dost give to all, Men know,

Not by their own Attainment; from the Wise

By Thee are hid those Things a Child esteems.

That none, tho' Wise, may glory in thy Sight:

Nor those who see their Weakness, doubt Thy Might

And Readiness, to succour, aid, support

The Lowest that to Thee for Aid resort.

Therefore unto Thy Holy Name I seek,

In Thine confide, because my Strength is weak

Oh hold Thou up my Goings, in Thy Ways,

That my Feet slip not: my Affections raise

To Things Above, when I attempt thy Praise,

Shew me thy Glory, cause my Face to shine

With Beams of Holiness deriv'd from Thine,

When to converse with God my Heart retires

From all its low and sensual Desires.

My



My Studies to Thy Praise direct and bless;

This make my Aim, here grant to me Success.

Pardon my many Failings: To declare

Thy Pow'r and Love do Thou my Lips prepare.

O knit my Heart to Thee with Holy Light,

By Thee replenish'd, all Thy Statutes write

In that indelible, and let them be

Of all Men read in my Integrity.

Daily my Soul with Thy pure Joys revive,

The Mastery for which all ought to strive

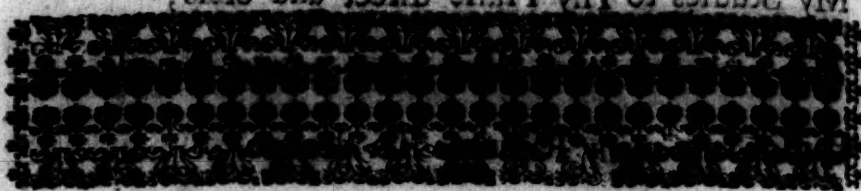
Give me more Zeal, and greater Strength to gain,

In me extend Thy Beatifick Reign;

Then to the Wicked I will teach Thy Way,

And Sinners Thee with Pleasure shall obey.

The



The Power and Love do Thou my Lips prepare

O knit my Heart to Thee with Holy Light

# P R E F A C E

**N**OT to indulge the Wanton and the Vain  
I write, nor will for Hire my Paper stain

With Thoughts to be abhorr'd: To please the Great  
Is not my Aim, save where Great Worth I meet.

To Crimes that have the Mode let Slaves bow down,  
And brightest Wits still trifle for Renown:

If thus they ought to do, and he speaks best,

His Soul who sets below vile Interest;

To God to be approv'd is my Request.

I seek not many Readers; but those few

Who vulgar and more ~~coarse~~ Vice eschew;

Who Liberty in pure Affection place,

Not in Disorder and Excesses base;

Who

Who do not love their Errors or Disease;  
 Whom Truth, tho' plain, and wise Instruction please.  
 Such I invite with me to taste those Joys  
 Which Death survive, and Time, whose Sorrows destroy  
 All other, far out-last, to the Most High,  
 With Songs of Praise and Sacred Melody,  
 To pay the Off'rings of a Heart sincere,  
 With humble Love and acceptable Fear;  
 Such I invite more strictly to review,  
 That so we may our vain Desires subdue,  
 Aided by Strength from Heav'n; the Laws Supreme,  
 To know and study, reverence and esteem.  
 Who them despise, may also mock at me;  
 An ill Man's Praise is worse than Calumny.  
 'Tis well if my Writings offend like those  
 Where God, 'tis known, the Style and Subject chose,  
 And does Eternal Life himself propose.  
 What greater Praise to Mortals can be giv'n,  
 Than, for like Cause, to be revil'd with Heav'n!

Scotter



Scoffers, who after their own Lufts will walk,  
 In Life so vile, must for their Vileness talk.  
 The Scorners's Chair easy and pleasant may  
 A while be thought, by the profanely Gay :  
 Ingenious Debauchees oft shew their Sence  
 In empty Laughter and loud Insolence.  
 These Glow-worms think that they the Sun outshine,  
 And nothing like their own foul Centure, fine.  
 Religion ever moves their angry Smile;  
 Goodness they have not, therefore will revile.  
 Gain is their God, and he an Atheist seems,  
 Who, not so much as they expect, esteems  
 The Idol they adore, to have their Will,  
 The Brutish Appetite to stretch and fill.  
 Tho' Men by Nature with Infernal Spite,  
 In Mischief, like the Devils, to delight,  
 A Second Nature is become to them,  
 And what they most should reverence, they contemn.  
 Churlish as Dogs, and filthier than Swine;  
 They only Evil for Good-will design;

Trample upon the choicest Pearls, and tell  
 All who to living such blessed Blessings owe  
 If quietly they may not still neglect

That which is Holy they abhor, reject.

Let them in Filthiness proceed; I write

Not to provoke their Rage or grieve their Sight;

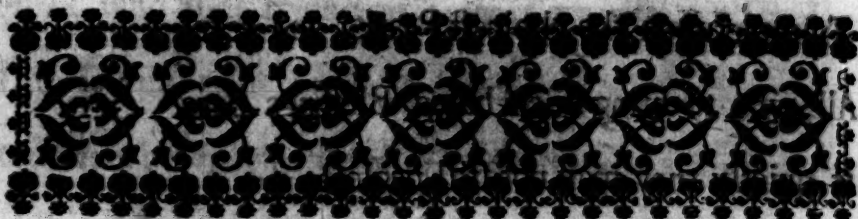
But those to serve, and, as I ought, to please,

Whom **THE** Lord it teach, may yet appear.



B

FOR



FOR THE  
LORD'S DAY.

**A** Wake, my Soul, with Holy Thoughts  
Prevent the hast'ning Sun:

This Day with Joy consider well

The Wonders God has done.

His Pow'ful Word did all Things make,

They came at his Command;

And all the Glories of the World

Exist by His strong Hand.

O therefore pay our mighty Lord

All Honour, due to His Great Name;

The Triumphs of his Love declare,

Eternally the same.

His



His Righteous Laws rejoyce to hear,  
 And with Delight obey;  
 With Joy before our God appear  
 On this His Holy Day.

This Day, Illustrious arose  
 Jesus our Prince and Head;  
 Life, of His Bounty, gave to us,  
 Who all thro' Sin were dead.

Let us the Grace he gives receive  
 With pure and thankful Heart,  
 Let us to Him for ever cleave,  
 Far from all Sin depart.

Let us to Righteousness arise,  
 With Him the Grave forsake;  
 Leave all Pollutions, Heav'n alone  
 Our Joy and Dwelling make.

Let us Jehovah's faithful Acts  
 In joyful Songs relate;  
 And till our Bodies shall arise,  
 In glad Assurance wait.

This Day the Prince of Darknes fell  
 Before the Prince of Peace;  
 For ever may its fair Return  
 Those Victories encrease,  
 For ever last its just Esteem,  
 With all that love his Name,  
 Who suffer'd Death, that we might live,  
 For us endur'd such Shame.  
 Why should Neglect give to His Foes  
 The Pow'r to work our Harm,  
 And Arms again supply to those  
 Our Saviour did disarm?  
 This is the Joyful Day of Light,  
 That Light let us revere,  
 Which now so bright shone out to all,  
 That his Just Precepts hear.  
 This Day let Aliens from the Faith  
 Without our Gates contemn;  
 But not one Servant of our Lord,  
 So great a Joy to them,

Let us its Sacred Rights defend,

Tho' all the World opposes

This Day who slight, do him despise

Who on this Day arose.

Let us this Day Memorial keep,

The Witness of our Trust

And Faith in Him to all the World,

Who, tho' we turn to Dust,

And seem forgotten in the Grave

From Age to Age to lie,

Shall call us thence in His due time,

With Him to reign on High.

Let us this Day Memorial keep,

The wondrous Work commands:

The Basis on which all our Faith

Fix'd and unshaken stands.

For were it not by this confirm'd,

Our Faith would all be vain;

Our Hope would want its last Support,

Our Sin would still remain

But



But now we fully are assur'd

Our Faith and Hope is just;

Can now, with Confidence well plac'd,

In Risen Jesus trust.

By this we know that he is true,

That forth from God he came;

By this we know, and cannot doubt

The Pow'r of his Great Name.

By this we know our Sins forgiv'n,

And Joys prepar'd Above

For all who thankfully receive,

And own indeed his Love.

This is the Day the Lord has made,

And Man may not unmake;

A Day of Triumph in his Love,

Which all his Saints partake.

This Day the Saviour of Mankind,

Whom we to serve profess,

Wrought his New Work, and from the Dead

All Nations rose to bless.

But

In

In his Remembrance therefore all

To him observe this Day

And chearful Offerings of Praise

To God their Saviour pay

He on this Day did Rest proclaim

His Holy Spirit gave

The First Fruits from the Dead he came

Triumphing o'er the Grave

This Day let us in Holy Rest

And Hallelujahs spend

Ravish'd with Joy as those that know

Their Joys shall have no End

Goodness, like him, let us this Day

To exercise delight

And to the God that gives all Joy

Give Praise with all our Might

Let not our Gratitude decay

For his great Works of Old

Like those poor Huts of Mire and Clay

That scarce the Building hold

But rather ~~increase~~ with Age,  
 And grow more rich, like Wine,  
 For who enough can estimate  
 These Bounties to Divine.  
 Most Gracious God, this Royal Day  
 Still sanctify and bless,  
 Whilst we the highest of Honours pay,  
 And all thy Praise confess.  
 Our Hearts with Mirth and Gladness fill,  
 Our thankful Voices hear,  
 All with thy Holy Spirit guide  
 Whom now thy Christ reveres.  
 In all that joy by him our Lord  
 Eternally possess,  
 Grant us thy Glories to record,  
 And know thy Holy Rest.  
 Seen not as now, but in thy own  
 Full, strong, and unmix'd Light,  
 With Power from thyself to bear  
 Glories and joys so bright:



Seen as thyself, who mad'st the Eye,  
 Dost us and all Things see;  
 Whilst none or doubt, or ought mistake,  
 But all, in truth, know Thee,  
 The Fountain of Eternal Peace,  
 Whose Streams with Riches flow,  
 And Jesus, thy Beloved Son,  
 To whom such Grace we owe.

In him accept us who cannot  
 In our own Works confide;  
 And may his Merit our Defects  
 And great Transgressions hide  
 In his most precious Blood; in Heart,  
 In Life, us, Lord, clean make:  
 From thee send Righteousness; from us  
 Our filthy Rayment take:  
 May we all Sin; our Soul, O Lord,  
 Never do thou forsake.

On Earth, as in the Heav'ns, bestow  
 On us to do thy Will,  
 Till with thy Glories all unvall'd,  
 Our House from Heav'n thou fill.



The Fountain of Eternal Peace  
Whose Streams with Riches flow  
N O  
**FRIENDSHIP.**

**F**riendship! how often do we hear thy Sound!  
On Earth how seldom is the Substance found!

Professions, Compliments, and Shadows make  
Much Noise and Shew, and much the Vulgar take.

These, Courtiers glorying in smooth Deceit,  
Their Hooks to cover, often make their Hail:

Influating Kindred, oft use thee,  
Waiting, like Crows, the Carcass first to seize.

The Case is plain, ev'n worthier as near,  
If not as rich too, never are so dear.

On ev'ry Illness Messages are sent

Thick, and the slow Diseases oft prevent,

In hopes of Death, or of a kinder Will,

Or something added to the Codicil,

Theirs

Theirs, like that Undertaker's daily Care,  
 The Man regards not, but his Gold to share.  
 Presents of all the Fruits in Prime and Season,  
 Are sent with long Epistles for like Reason:  
 Haunches of Venison, with at least this Taint,  
 And Sugar'd Words, all bitter with Constraint.  
 Men see it, and yet seeing are deceiv'd,  
 And glossing Lyes are commonly believ'd.  
 Kind Traders very kindly raise their Price,  
 To gain the Wicked, you must learn their Vice,  
 Or always shew it signal Complaisance,  
 For by their Vice their Favourites advance.  
 Friendship is lovely fast with Honour ty'd,  
 And kept inviolate by Minds ally'd;  
 Whilst noble Truth sways all the happy Breast,  
 And brave Resolves, not sordid Interest.  
 Where two concur in virtuous Pursuits,  
 Who can enough commend its glorious Fruits?  
 But wherefore is Design, Deceit, Grimace,  
 All that is irksome, ev'ry thing that's base,  
 With



With Friendship's Titles publicly adorn'd,  
 Whilst Friendship is extinct, and Truth is scom'd;  
 If I might chuse a Friend, it should not be  
 For Want or Wealth, both are alike to me.  
 Without his Trappings, I would view him well,  
 And see wherein he naked does excell,  
 All those Embellishments and Gifts laid by,  
 That only move his Tongue, or gain my Eye.  
 I would the Substance of the Man essay,  
 Cupell the Gold, and purge the Lead away.  
 The Golden Man I most desire to find,  
 Is he in whom there are most Graces join'd;  
 Of exemplary Life, and in Discourse  
 With Sweetness reigning, when he might by Force;  
 Pious in Deeds, and skill'd in all that may  
 The useful Christian form, excite, display.  
 Knowing the Rights of others and his own;  
 Wise, of deep Foresight; not with Rust o'ergrown;  
 But active, hearty, strenuous, sincere;  
 Not only bright and pleasing to the Ear,

But

But apt to teach, instructive, and sedate,  
 And never in a friendly part too late:  
 By Nature, Principle, and Use, all Love,  
 Even when Love obliges to reprove.  
 Steddy, complete in all the soft Address,  
 Which to wise Counsel adds deserv'd Success.  
 Hating my Fault, not loving me in vain,  
 Nor able to offend untouch'd with Pain:  
 Daily delighting as the Solar Beam,  
 Commanding with Benevolence, Esteem.  
 Somewhat to those things I affect inclin'd  
 Both of himself, and from a generous Mind;  
 But if to border upon Ill they seem,  
 Prone rather to the opposite extreme:  
 Above Impatience, far from Guile and Pride,  
 A Friend of Proof what way soever try'd.  
 Some Friends may serve a Turn, some serve Mens Crimes,  
 These certain Persons suit, those certain Times.  
 There are that have much Love and little Skill,  
 And busily torment us with Good-will.

There

There are that only whilst we Pity move,  
 And creep beneath 'em, condescend to love,  
 Envious if we prosper, and displeas'd  
 With Providence, if we by that are eas'd  
 Without their Help, who blend it with Disdain,  
 Some scorn Inferiours, all things court for Gain:  
 Worth unattended they with Roughness treat,  
 But are most abject Hirelings to the Great,  
 Here Humourists, there Heaps of Discontent,  
 And Jealousies too groundless to prevent  
 Injure, and to Contempt the Sacred Name  
 Expose, themselves to lose the Love they claim.  
 This Man too oft resembles stormy Seas,  
 These wasting with a feverish Disease,  
 Only by Fits are Friends deserving Praise,  
 And sink as often as our Hopes they raise.  
 Some Friends are but as Toys, a Child they may  
 Please with a fair Outside, and Drestes say:  
 Others are like a bitter wholesome Pill,  
 And seldom us'd, or lov'd, they taste so ill.  
 These



These lest not foolishly to discern;  
 Mind what they are, tho' ~~seem~~ they seem:  
 If such a Friend Heav'n gives, as first was shown,  
 With double Thanks such ~~liberal~~ Bounties own;  
 Will not for Wealth, nor seek the envy'd Throne.  
 Make him your Friend who justly governs there,  
 By Faith, and Holiness, and humble Prayer:  
 For what avail all others for our Peace,  
 If his Protection and his Blessing cease?  
 Or what can their Departure us molest,  
 When he will crown us with Delight and Rest:





**FOR**  
**GOOD-FRIDAY.**

**B**ehold what Truth and Love this Day  
Did to the Sons of Men display!

For Sin such Hatred, God so Just,

None Sinning may on Mercy trust,

But for all those who Sin detest,

Full Pardon and Eternal Rest;

Such Love as no Man can exceed,

Such Love as ev'ry Man does need.

Such Love as does to all extend,

Such Love as does all Praise transcend,

And never, never shall have End.

The Innocent submits to die

For those who from his Mercy fly,

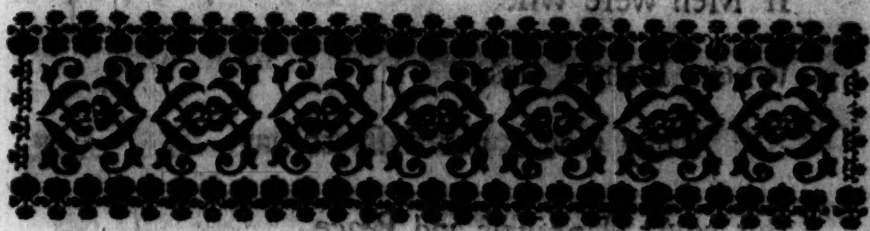
The

The Lord of Life his Life lays down,  
 To purchase for his Foes a Crown;  
 The Son of God a Scorn is made,  
 That we with Joy might be array'd:  
 For Sinners he, offended, pleads,  
 Is sacrific'd, and intercedes.  
 What Love like this was ever known!  
 What Love like this by Jesus shown!  
 While the Redeemer of Mankind  
 From us could no Compassion find,  
 The trembling Sun withdrew his Light  
 From Deeds too black even for Night:  
 The Earth did in Convulsions fall,  
 And Men to Fear and Horror call:  
 But Fear and Horror cannot find  
 Place in the Heart which Sin makes blind.  
 We still in Sin too much delight,  
 Postpone Amendment, Pardon slight.  
 We daily crucify again  
 The Lord of Glory by our Sin;



His Holy, Great, and Glorious Name  
 Again expose to open Shame.  
 The Weight of Sin we still think light,  
 And still its deadly Charms invite.  
 O Blessed Jesus, make us see  
 How ill our Ways with thine agree,  
 The Causes of thy Death to hate  
 Justly, before it is too late.  
 Help us to overcome, expel,  
 And crucify those Sins that dwell  
 Where only Piety should reign,  
 Let us no little one retain.  
 For all the Mercies thou hast shown,  
 Whose Goodness thro' both Worlds is known,  
 The best Return that Men can make,  
 Is Death and Folly to forsake;  
 And leaving the Deceits of this,  
 To seek and gain Eternal Bliss.





## Mens Unwillingness to DIE.

**L**ife is full of Grief and Care,  
Full of Misery and Pain,

It no Repose does give:

Death, whose Thoughts so few can bear,

To those in Christ is Joy and Gain;

Till Death we never live.

Why then do we refuse to Die?

Why do Men from Comfort fly,

And delight in want of Ease?

Is fix'd Repose just Cause for Grief?

Is Torment better than Relief?

Or can Distresses please?

If Men were wise,

Where Danger lies,

They would not wish to far,

But covet Happiness and Peace;

And those true Joys that never cease,

They'd seek without Reluctance or Delay,

But whilst fearful Guilt does fright,

And Deceit is call'd Delight,

This dear Earth 'tis Death to leave;

Whilst Men dare not freely trust

The Good, the Powerful, and Just,

They think a longer Exile a Reprieve,

Why don't we raise our Hearts to Things Above;

And those most worthy of Affection love;

Despising Vanity, and hating Vice?

Why don't we constantly prefer

The Peace of God to all the Shadows here?

And Joys in Heav'n that never cloy,

Or perish, or receive Alloy,

Those lasting Pleasures of intrinick Price?

Depart,



Depart, Be gone, all Pleasures here below,

I such love most as in the using grow.

Come, Blessed Jesus, at the Hour

By Thee approv'd, my Soul receive,

To see thy Glory, Praise, and Power,

Whilst with this World all Pain and Sin I leave.

This Tabernacle now laid by,

I know thou wilt again restore;

This Flesh shall with a joyful Eye

See my Redeemer, and on high

By thee from all its Filth refin'd,

For ever join my grateful Mind,

Subject to Death, and Sin, and Misery no more.

Nor shall again by Nature be

Led as a Child, and with slow Pace

And feeble Steps approach thy Grace,

Of interrupted, but with Might

For ever praise and worship thee,

And live rejoicing in thy Light.

To Him that sits upon the Throne,  
 And to the Lamb, let all Men pay  
 The Honours due to Him alone,  
 To Heav'n who open'd unto us the Way:  
 Tho' thro' the Gate of Death it lie,  
 To live with Him, who would not wish to Die.



NO  
 And live rejoicing in thy light  
 For ever praise and worship thee  
 Off interrupted, but with Might  
 And feeble Steps approach thy Grace

## On our Natural Inability in Holy Things.

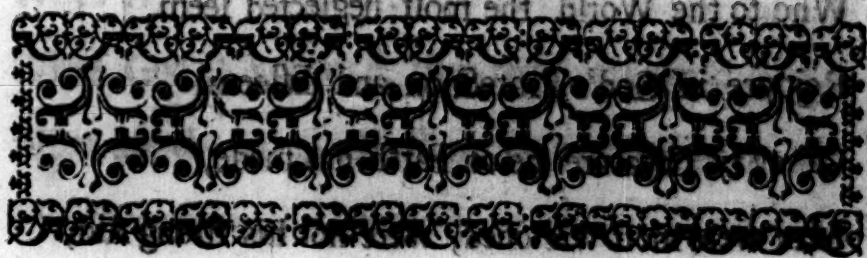
**B**Y Nature Man discerns not the great Price  
Of a meek, quiet Spirit, nor of Vice,  
In his own Life can see the Turpitude,  
Till by Assistance from Above subdu'd.  
How then can he to others shew the Way  
Of Peace, from which himself far off does stray?  
Temporal Pleasures, and the Joys that die,  
Are ever the most pleasing in his Eye:  
Of Life's Impertinence consists his Life,  
Folly, Amusements, Pageantry, and Strife:  
How then can he to serious Truth attend,  
Or once regard that which shall never end?  
How shall his roving Heart, and wandering Feet  
From all the Labyrinths of Lust retreat?  
The num'rous Mazes he has gone, ungo?  
Or Error, having always wander'd, know?

What



What Taste can he stir up of Heaven's Bliss,  
 And Worlds to come, whose Heart is set on this?  
 What Clearness, Force, and Energy can shake  
 The stubborn Mind, when he does undertake,  
 Like those Seven Exorcists, with Names Divine,  
 As certain Charms to serve his vile Design?  
 If the Blind lead the Blind, shall not both fall?  
 And in the Ditch, who can his Foot recall?  
 Let no Man on himself presume, let none  
 In Sacred Things the Pow'r of God disown.  
 The Wise he oft to stumble does permit;  
 And Wisdom gives to all as he sees fit.  
 Power belongs to God, from him derives;  
 In vain without His Help Man toils and strives:  
 All Means succeed if God those Means employ  
 And bless; till then the best are useless, or destroy.  
 But if he touch the Heart, it soon shall yield:  
 When he gives Light, then is all Truth reveal'd.





His Love and Providence our Love and State  
And this our Joy that thus our hearts obey  
**No Condition without its  
Comfort.**

To know that him we live, delight in, love  
Does every blessing he bestows improve  
**I**N all Things the Most High confess and praise,  
Makes all the creatures for a noble Mind  
Whose Hand pulls down, and from the Dust does raise;  
Point out much more, by Pity, kindness  
In whatsoever Station by him plac'd,  
Be his Commands obediently embrac'd.  
The costly voluptuary Taste can feel  
Great Dangers feeble Poverty attend;  
No joys like those Devotion does reveal  
And who the Rich can from their Wealth defend!  
The tender Breast whose Fear is exquisite  
Themselves they can't defend; a Camel thro'  
Of doing ill, does Good with Anger  
A Needle's Eye as easily might go.  
A strong, a cruel, a lively, bold, a free  
No Man in this Life is exempt from Pain;  
Of joys sincere, of loves sincere, of loves  
Even the seeming Happiest complain.  
What avails Wealth, what avails Power, what avails  
Yet Rich and Poor, all Stations and Degrees,  
Is Gold, what avails, what avails, what avails  
The busy World, and those who are at Ease,  
What avails, what avails, what avails  
The Potent and Opprest, the Free, the Slave,  
What avails, what avails, what avails  
All in Religion Joy and Comfort have.

Who to the World the most neglected seem,

Rejoice in God's Protection and Esteem.

Of ev'ry Creature he on Earth has made,

Man were most wretched, were not his strong Aid,

His Love, and Providence, our Hope and Stay,

And this our Joy that Him our Hearts obey.

To know that him we serve, delight in, love,

Does ev'ry Blessing he bestows improve;

Makes all the Pleasures for a noble Mind

Poinant much more, by Piety refin'd.

The coarse voluptuary Taste can feel

No Joys like those Devotion does reveal.

The tender Breast whose Fear is exquisite

Of doing Ill, does Good with Appetite;

A strong, a quick, a lively Relish shares

Of Joys sincere, exempt from sordid Cares.

What avails Wealth? How empty and how mean

Is Gold without, and Avarice within?

What are the Pleasures Grandeur does attain,

But the false Covers of much greater Pain?

When



When Wealth and Rank are worthily employ'd,  
 When God is honour'd, then they are enjoy'd.  
 What are the Griefs the Pious here endure?  
 One Moment makes eternally secure.  
 When we abound, our Pleasure is to pay  
 Willing Returns, in Sufferings to pray.  
 In Trouble to deny all Sense of Pain,  
 Were to deceive, and Self-condemn'd to feign.  
 But how does it support us, to believe  
 That God his Servants does of Goodness grieve!  
 With what Complacency do we submit  
 To all our Heav'nly Father less most fit!  
 How triumphs holy Faith! Knowing that he  
 Approves, rewards, preserves our Constancy:  
 That this light Pain, Glory which far exceeds,  
 Works out, our Soul the Pain no longer heeds.  
 The Life of all our Life is to believe  
 In God; in Death it lives, and cannot leave;  
 From all Distress it takes away the Stings,  
 Does Angels Food to Men in Dungeons bring.

The deepest Mourners, fed with this, rejoice,  
 And not in Sighs, but Songs, lift up their Voice,  
 Well of their Great Redeemer's Might appriz'd,  
 In Wants are chearful, patient when despis'd.  
 How good is this Belief! And who would be  
 An Atheist! tho' God had left him free,  
 Tho' he could stifle Reason, and avoid  
 In Hell to be, as he deserves, destroy'd.  
 How very good are all things God has made!  
 In those that pain, how is his Love display'd!  
 His Wisdom, Mercy, Pow'r, in that Distress,  
 Which we too oft so foolishly with less!  
 The Churlish *Nabal* for his Folly dies;  
 The *Julianite* his Saviour first denies,  
 And then with Taunts his suffering Members tries;  
 Until a Dart from Heaven strike him dead,  
 Who timely would not Heaven's Displeasure dread!  
 They justly perish in their evil Heart;  
 But God does Blessing by their Curse impart:

Holy Angels Food to Men in Dungeons hung

Glory and Honour, Majesty and Praise,  
 Mercy and Truth adorn throughout his Ways.  
 Patience and Faith much in Affliction thrive,  
 And thus at Joys Immortal we arrive.  
 Each against other large Advantage brings,  
 The Good that pleases, and the Pain that stings.  
 In whatsoever State, with that content,  
 Reap all the Good from thence for which 'tis sent.  
 Let the exalted Poor, the Rich made low,  
 With Joy receive, God does the Change bestow.  
 Nor fear a Change, nor think it comes too late,  
 But wisely in its time for each Appointment wait.  
 When Trouble, Pain, or Sickness does molest  
 Gratefully see the Benefits possess,  
 They soon are seen by every pious Breast.  
 See those before abus'd, enjoy'd before,  
 With Praises deprecate, with Thanks implore.  
 Distress from the Almighty humbly bear,  
 That gracious Token of Paternal Care,  
 Of which his dearest Son receiv'd so large a Share.



In nothing against Providence repine,  
 Let all your Will conform to the Divine.  
 The Syren-Songs of Affluence oppose,  
 In Suff'rings all that formidable shows  
 With equal Perseverance take away;  
 Happy are all who, as they ought, obey.  
 Grief weans from foolish Hopes and vain Designs;  
 Wisdom gets Liberty as Wealth declines.  
 From the Distress'd Pray'r much more Sweet ascends;  
 In such the Mind Instruction soon attends.  
 Above the Griefs and Errors that subdue  
 Others, their Strength like Eagles they renew.  
 They soon discover Sins before unknown,  
 And those repent they happy could not own.  
 Gladly Correction from his Hand receive,  
 Who strikes in Love, and with Remorse does grieve.  
 By Heaven thus admonish'd, quit Delays,  
 See and amend the Error of your Ways:  
 Call forth to act the Grace which dormant lies,  
 Let many new with daily Culture rise.

Thus

Thus Wisdom teaches; thus from all Difficulties  
 The Sons of God collect true Happiness:  
 For all things work in concert for their Good,  
 Their Love to him more triumphs, more withstood.  
 But who does Wisdom hear! Some few may be  
 Admired for uncommon Constancy;  
 The most, proceeding as the Stream does drive,  
 Let Nature steer, and only would arrive  
 At the Beasts Paradise, like them in Heart,  
 If Pain approach, with frightened Hares they start,  
 For Ease and Pleasure leap o'er ev'ry Fence,  
 Nor blush to see their vile Incontinence.  
 The Best, if Heaven to themselves permit,  
 Flying the Snare, are taken in the Pit:  
 Tho' bold as *Peter* they to Peril haste,  
 Until our Lord support, they sink as fast.  
 Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thee,  
 Who with Compassion dost our Weakness see,  
 And little Faith; not unto us, whose Shame  
 Our daily Sin evinces; to thy Name

Be given all the Praise : Our Lord does hear ;  
 The sinking Soul, and almost lost with Fear ;  
 His Mighty Hand does all her Weight sustain,  
 With him the Ship and Safety we regain.  
 By thee we o'er Prosperity prevail,  
 By thee stand firm when all Supporters fail :  
 Thou thro' rough Winds and Waves us safe do'st lead,  
 O'er Thorns unhurt, and boldly we proceed  
 With Thee, and measure the most rugged Way,  
 As if soft Down, not corner'd Flints, there lay.

**F I N I S**





